

Galactic Outdoor Survival School

Alliance Intelligence Report: GOSS

The Galactic Outdoor Survival School (GOSS) is an "unofficial" organization that has produced some of the most skilled survivalists in the galaxy. Its students learn the skills needed to survive in virtually any environment. A specialty is instruction in how to survive in environments hostile to a being's physiology (such as the Mon Calamari instruction series in desert survival).

GOSS was established some decades ago by the Morellian scout and lawman Barosa Warren. Warren had recently acquired the ownership of a small planet in the Ollonir Boundaries, and with financial backing from several (now former) friends, planetscaped OM813 into a huge learning ground for his survival school.

Alliance Intelligence Report: Barosa Warren

SecuriDex

Name: Barosa Warren

Species: Near-human (Morellian)

Sex: Male

Homeworld: Morellia

Known Associates: Casti Tholon, human female; Clenna, human male; Myo, Abyssin male; Stren Grier, human male.

Base of Operations/Last Known Location: Thrantin Suspected or Potential

Threat: Former students of Warren now in service of Alliance. *Direct:* Persons referred to above (Eclipse Team; Alliance operatives Sisquoc, Adazian Liebke, Xenon Nnaksta, Akul Witig, Derembus Sitnalta, Ma'w'shiye, Buran Borsil, Atin Attan). Potential threat to Kiras Torla, location unknown. *Indirect:* Any Eclipse Team operatives or other Rebel agents who may operate with former GOSS students. Threat Register: Medium, extreme on Thrantin or surrounding areas

Submitter: Major Sisquoc, Twilight Leader

Most GOSS alumni have gone on to serve as scouts (independent and corporate) or to serve the Empire or the Alliance. A few GOSS alumni have gone on to become instructors in their own right.

Eight of the dozen students of the famed "Twilight Class," which graduated from the school in record time 14 years ago, actively serve within the ranks of the Rebel Alliance as part of the famed Eclipse Team. Three of the remaining four served within the Alliance as well, but have since been killed during the war. One of the students has fled settled space and is believed to be living somewhere in Wild Space.

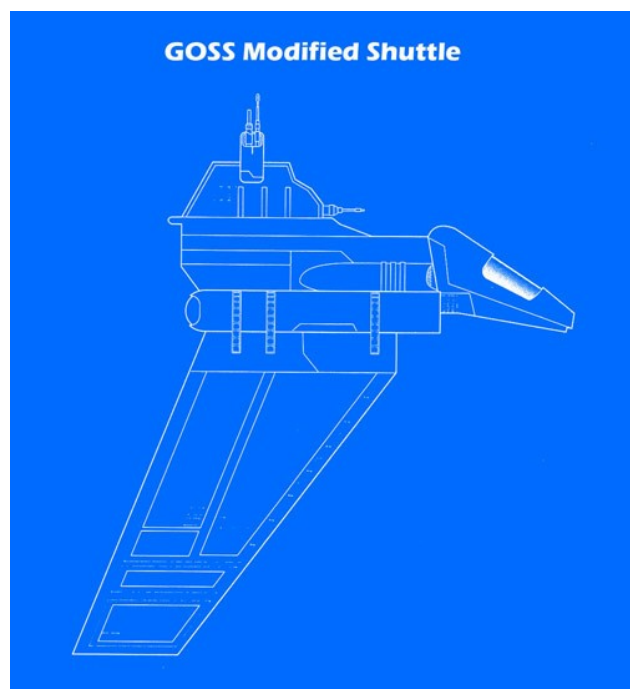
The GOSS facilities on Barosa's planet, stargate designate OM813 (referred to as Thrantin), are of the highest quality. Warren maintains a group of several dozen craft for use during instruction, at least seven of which are modified *Mu*-class shuttles. Warren's own craft, the *Cannibal*, serves as the unofficial flagship of the rag-tag fleet.

GOSS is a combination of a school and a survivalist camp. The mentality is far rougher and cruder than one would suspect at a traditional university, and it can safely be said that GOSS's only loyalty is to GOSS itself and cold, hard credits.

The main training complex of GOSS is full of equipment collected from virtually every quality outfitter across the Empire: Merr-Sonn, BlasTech Drearian Defense Conglomerate, SoroSuub, Aratech, Ulig Abaha Ltd., Ghtroc Industries and the like.

Cannibal

The *Cannibal*, as its name implies, is a craft built entirely of cannibalized and usually incompatible components. Originally crafted from the discarded hulls of a Kuat Systems Engineering Firespray-31 and Ckratar Crafts *Venturer*-class freighter, the major components of the *Cannibal* are culled from nearly 30 different manufacturers, while the smaller parts and pieces that complete the craft



come from countless smaller manufacturers. For example, the power converters were stolen from the Koensayr Yards, the primary sensor array comes from the now-defunct Primarin Starshipwrights Union, and both flight computers are from a stripped Imperial *Gamma*-class assault shuttle.

Warren acquired the *Cannibal*, or rather the parts for the *Cannibal*, almost entirely from a former student of his who had little in the way of finances but an incredible talent for starship design and repair. Rather than take credits, Warren accepted as payment the custom-made craft. The starship has served admirably for years and despite its unorthodox design, does not appear to be the dilapidated craft one would expect.

Barosa Warren

Barosa Warren founded GOSS and is regarded galaxy-wide as the authority in hostile terrain survival. He and the rest of GOSS threaten the Alliance's security due to a violent rivalry between Barosa and several former students who are now Alliance operatives. Of an extremely long-lived near-human species, Warren is thought to have been born some years ago in the Morellian Commonwealth, a small group of star systems far beyond the reach of the Old Republic. He



is believed to be the last of his people, as all his surviving children (all of which serve the Alliance) are half-Morellian: both mothers of his children were humans of Coruscant ancestry.

It is known that years ago Warren served as a Morellian Enforcer, one of a select number within the Commonwealth who were charged with maintaining order. The technology level of the Morellian systems is relatively low; rather than using blasters, Enforcers rely on slugthrowing pistols and rifles. The standard attire of the Enforcers is distinctive: long leather oilcoats, leather boots, heavy-duty blackstrap gloves and the trademark Morellian Weapons Conglomerate .48-caliber Enforcer pistol.

After serving within the ranks of the Enforcers, Barosa went into semi-retirement, serving as a scout within the Republic. He staked some of the most perilous planets in the Empire's current jurisdiction, including Dra III, Theal, Frewwil and Buamlon Central. Upon announcing his retirement from the Republic Survey Corps, he made a mysterious "business transaction" and acquired the small planet OM813.

Warren was in his late 110s at the time, nearing his prime. He spent the next few years preparing the institute of his dreams: the Galactic Outdoor Survival School. Over the next four or so decades, he built GOSS into a galaxy-renowned survival instruction school, and has made a veritable fortune as the School's chancellor, dean and master instructor.

Barosa Warren is now in his mid-160s, and has begun to noticeably age. He continues to wear the trademark raiment of the Morellian Enforcers, and sports a thick red beard. His face is weathered from the elements of a thousand worlds, and his right arm sports a large, aged scar from a nashtah attack during his exploration of the Dra III wilderness decades ago. Barosa has a number of children serving within the ranks of the Alliance: sons Tole Warren, Roland Warren, and Alton Lochner (originally Tiris Warren), and daughter Danlea Lochner (originally Tara Warren). Both Tole and Alton serve at the Alliance Suolriep Sector HQ (Tole as a communications officer, Alton as a SpecForces operative), Roland serves as an undercover contact in the Simik system, and Danlea is a contact for Alliance smuggling operations along the Ison Corridor.

Addendum - Personal: Sisquoc, Major *Barosa poses a dire threat not only to the Alliance as a whole, but particularly those of us who were once under his tutelage and now serve the Rebel cause, as well as those who often work with us in the field. We believe he has collaborated with a number of bounty hunter and mercenary groups we have had to defend ourselves against, though we have yet to prove our suspicions.*

He is the foremost expert in his field: our late companion Major Glidamir once commented that if Barosa were left to die in the wastes of Tatooine, in no time he would build himself a castle of seaweed. He is not to be underestimated: to do so will undoubtedly cost you your life.

Addendum - Personal: Ma'w'shiye, Lieutenant *Barosa's dominance as a survivalist goes without question, but those of you who stand a chance of encountering him in combat of any sort should also keep in mind his weaponry. Most often he makes use of his Enforcer, a gun that should be part of a Star Destroyer's arsenal rather than a hand weapon. Despite the weapon's obvious weight, he handles it as if he weighs nothing. He can speed draw faster than even Derembus, and that's no simple feat. The recoil on that thing can knock a Gamorrean down, but Warren just squeezes off round after round without effort. If you encounter him and he even flinches, either apologize or find suitable cover. Don't think a landspeeder is enough cover. You should have seen what he did to Maashan's XP-38...*

Addendum - Personal: Derembus, Commander *Ma'w'shiye and I have been training Rebel recruits in the use of high-powered blasters, but one thing that never ceases to amaze me is Barosa's simple slugthrower. That thing sounds like a Jexerian cannon when it's fired. And the hole the thing leaves! He could probably peel the armor off an AT-AT if he hit it just right, so make it a point not to get in his way...*

Addendum - SecuriDex: Sisquoc, Major *I have taken it upon myself to submit this SecuriDex in the interest of all of those Rebel officers who once were students of Barosa Warren. The personal vendetta Barosa has exacted against me has apparently been extended to those who took my side in the matter. The matter in question is personal, and as discussing it would not provide any useful information, has herein been excluded.*

Keep in mind only that Warren believes those our allies -- all Rebels -- are his enemies. Avoid his territories. I would ask Intel to dispatch Agent Clanson and any other willing operatives so that they may accompany those us of who intend to confront Barosa at the upcoming Secure Passage seminar on Dlor 3.

First Day of School

(Transcript of introductory statements given to incoming students by Master Barosa Warren at Surveyor Hall conference room 4: first day of instruction)

"Most of you probably came here with the idea that you're going to show how tough you are, how much punishment you can endure, and how fast you can light a tazrin flit.

"But the *facts* are as follows: you will be pushed beyond what your species is designed to endure; you will be taught not only how to survive in a given environment but how to thrive in that environment; you will learn not only where and how to find food and shelter in hostile conditions but how to combat an enemy in those lands. You will be taught to best a Mon Cal in the seas though you are a Silika; you will best the Wookiees when you encounter them in the trees; you will learn the intricacies of zero-g survival so that even an Imperial spacetrooper will fear you. You will learn skills for every environment, every condition. You will learn the true meaning of *survival*. Many of those with whom you sit you will not see for weeks, if ever again. Some of you will perish. Very few of you will complete the entire course, but you will know that you have become the best you can be.

"Now turn to datapage 2,584 of your *Expedition* texts, Volume 56 ..."

A Word on GOSS Twilight Class

Thrantin Major's red glare, slowly intensified as it crept from behind the Kalis Peaks. A dozen figures stood at the edge of a high rock face, watching the sun climb. The figures were harnessed in manual climbing equipment: in this land, no repulsorcraft or gravitic gear was permitted. The moment the entire disc of Thrantin Major had exposed itself over the spires of the Kalis Range, the group quickly began to make their way down the face. A young near-human male, Sisquoc of the Samuac Sukeu, led the descent.

At the bottom of the 200-meter drop was the thick vegetation of the Turas Valley. The thick leafy plants appeared black under the red light of the sun, and within them lived thousands of different life-forms. Sisquoc gathered his gear while his companions each made their way to the valley floor. He looked across the designated Zones of Territory C2 -- they had to cross all of it to complete their instruction.

When the last person was down, Sisquoc and Xe began forging a trail that would lead them through the Second Jungle Zone. Theirs was, in Sisquoc's mind, the perfect team: they had a native of nearly every terrain type they would have to endure in their trek. The group entered the jungle, the sun at their back.

* * *

Four and a half days later, Akul leading the way, the group emerged from the crashing waves and kelp beds of the Ninth Aquatic Zone. As the group collapsed in fatigue on the green sand, Derembus triumphantly retrieved his comlink. As they lay exhausted, the group watched as the sun began to fall behind the glaciers on the horizon.

"Zone Central, this is Team Eight," Derembus called into the comm.

"Copy, Team 8. Go ahead."

"Requesting pickup at AquaZone 9, 12 passengers."

"Is there a problem?" the filtered voice asked.

"Negative," Derembus called. "Our route has been completed."

There was a long pause on the other side, and the entire group laughed as much as their exhausted bodies would allow. Finally, a response came through. "Mark time 103.7 hours, Team Eight."

"Copy, Central," Derembus cheered. "Central out," the amazed voice answered before ending the transmission.

Derembus switched off the comlink and jumped on his companions relaxing in the sand. He didn't care that he was aggravating the wound he had received from the tripion attack in the Desert Zone.

They had survived! That was all he cared about. They had completed their "final exam" in less than 104 hours, smashing the previous record by more than an entire day.

When the transport finally arrived and the pilots hauled the students' haggard bodies aboard, the team was greeted by two Carosite medics and a Too-Onebee medical droid. Their wounds were attended to as the shuttle lifted off in the fading light.

The jubilant team hollered in triumph as the shuttle traversed the landscape in the Thrantin twilight.

The Twilight Class that graduated from GOSS approximately 14 standard years ago were a dozen individuals of remarkable ability.

Five of the class -- Akul Witig, Adazian Liebke, Derembus Sitnalta, Ma'w'shiye and Sisquoc -- contributed to these reports. They were the best students even among the Twilight Class and have since gone on to form the Alliance's infamous "Eclipse Team" of SpecForces operatives.



Many of the other Twilight graduates are also in the service of the Alliance. Buran Borsil, a Nord male, currently serves as part of the SpecForces detachment temporarily deployed with Alliance High Command. Though Buran is not an official part of the Eclipse Team, he has an honorary position and often accompanies his companions and their partners on dangerous missions throughout the galaxy. His survival specialization, naturally, is arctic environments. He occasionally serves as an instructor to members of the search and rescue teams stationed at Alliance bases in frigid areas.

Captain Liebke's best friend, the Vodran Xenon Nnaksta, now serves the Alliance as a Pathfinder stationed at Suolriep Sector HQ with the Eclipse Team. He is a fierce combatant and a reckless (as opposed to "wreck-less") driver: his companions make a point to not let him drive during missions.

The late Norrion Glidamir, a Lorradian human woman who served the Alliance as an officer for quite some time, was recently killed in the line of duty. She was a superb urban survivalist and was decorated for her action during the Corint City attacks.

Another of the Twilight Class was the Kamarian Badlander Maashan, one of the few Kamarians to have left their world. As he left Varn over 12 years ago, he is not a follower of the Cult of Varn religion which has swept his homeworld. Maashan served the Alliance as a pyrotechnician until his demise during the alien attack on the Alliance safeworld Stronghold.

Larq Thur was a premier mine survivalist prior to his death in the recent Lijarak Mines Incident on Anic. Thur entered and successfully completed GOSS's training program for mine survival. Subsequently he was offered a job as an instructor and accepted. When the rest of the Twilight Class joined the Alliance, he did so as well. Before his death, Thur had managed to survive in some of the most hazardous and unstable mines known. He is also one of the few individuals to escape from the infamous spice mines of Kessel, rescuing fellow Alliance operative Thar'quan in the process.

Atin Attan is a Sullustan who now serves as a pilot instructor for the Alliance Navy. A pilot since her youth, Attan also received a degree in Sullustan geology from the SoroSuub Extension programs and led one of the most

perilous portions of the Twilight Class's final expedition. She currently is stationed in the Roche Asteroid Field aiding in some minor modifications to the B-wing starfighter.

Kiras Torla is a middle-aged human female native to Zalso. Once a close friend of Barosa and the GOSS staff, Kiras has since taken to the unknown parts of the galaxy. It is believed she is somewhere in Wild Space. She is very afraid of the threat Barosa poses to the Twilight Class and has decided to avoid the conflict altogether by confining herself to some remote area where no one can locate her. She is most likely making a peaceful life for herself on some uncharted world.

Thrantin

Type: Terra-engineered Terrestrial

Temperature: Temperate with highly varied, engineered terrains

Atmosphere: Type I, with domed Type II (breath mask suggested), Type III (breath mask required) and Type IV (environmental suit required) areas

Hydrosphere: Moderate with terra-engineered lava pools and other non-water liquid bodies in specific areas

Gravity: Standard, except for engineered areas with repulsorlift and gravitic generators

Terrain: Virtually any terrain type engineered on this world

Length of Day: 23 standard hours

Length of Year: 380 local days

Sapient Species: Humans, Klatooinians, Shistavanen Wolfmen, Sullustans, Trandoshans

Starport: Standard class

Population: 225 permanent, 1,700 transient (students)

Government: GOSS administered

Tech Level: Space

Major Exports: Survival equipment

Major Imports: High technology, medicines

System: Thrantin OM81-A

Star: Thrantin Major (red giant)

Orbital Bodies:

OM811 (Kastin); barren rock; 0 moons

OM812 (Rantorin); barren rock; 2 moons

OM813 (Thrantin); terra-engineered terrestrial; 1 moon

OM814 (Hirin); barren rock; 2 moons

Thrantin (OM813) is the result of an extremely well-funded terra-engineering project. Originally a small terrestrial planet covered by low grasslands, Barosa Warren has transformed the world into a huge learning ground for the students of his Galactic Outdoor Survival School. Warren has completely re-engineered immense portions of the planet, creating hostile environment training grounds dozens of kilometers across. Warren has even built a number of domed terrain areas with variable atmospheres, ammonia seas or varied gravities (thanks to immense repulsorlift and gravitic generators and regulators). Some of the more exotic environments include the Zero-G, Ammonia Ocean, and Heavy Grav Mountainous Zones.

Thrantin has one moon, 813A, which the School occasionally uses for zero-gravity training in case the grav regulators are inoperative.

While Warren will readily admit that it would be more practical to ferry his students to a number of different worlds, he feels that having all of his training zones on one world gives him a controlled environment and ensures that none of his students "cheat" on their training missions.

Some of the terrains on Thrantin:

- Aquatic: fresh water, salt water, ammonia, rethys; subterranean water caverns
- Barren
- Caverns
- Crater fields
- Desert
- Forest: evergreens, deciduous (growth dependent upon season), scrub
- Glacier: tundra, icecaps

- Jungle
- Mountain: forested peak (heavy vegetation), solid peak (no vegetation)
- Plains: grasslands, etc.
- Plateau
- Urban: streets and buildings, subterranean accessways (storm drains, etc.)
- Wetlands
- Volcanic
- Zero gravity and variable gravity

Profiles: Lunkar An & Myo

Lunkar An

In the GOSS files citing individual records and accomplishments, Alliance Major Sisquoc tops nearly every list. The few records he doesn't own belong to either his fellow Twilight Class members or to his archrival Lunkar An.

Lunkar and his Summit Class held nearly every record for seven years... until the now-Rebel heroes of the Twilight Class enrolled in the course and broke his team's longstanding final trek record of 129.1 standard hours. Had the Twilight Class bested Lunkar's crew by only a few minutes, perhaps An would not be so spiteful.

Rather, the Twilight Class destroyed the Summit Class record by more than an entire Thrantin day. Most of Lunkar's previously-thought "immortal" records were shattered time and again by Sisquoc and the others. In short, Lunkar An's ego was threatened.

At the time of the Twilight Class's success, An had since become an instructor at his own smaller survival school, the Jmin Survival Academy. When he received news of his name being removed from the top of GOSS's record lists, he returned to GOSS to redeem himself.

He has not yet actually taken back to the field to reclaim any of the records he once held. It is believed he is waiting to personally challenge Sisquoc, or perhaps all of the survivors of the Twilight Class.

Though his personal rivalry is with Sisquoc, his personal hatred is with Alliance Lieutenant Ma'w'shiye, the Nikto male. Lunkar and Ma'w'shiye's dislike for one another erupted into direct confrontation several times. Lunkar and Sisquoc have only met once, but Lunkar and Ma'w'shiye have fought many times.

Lunkar is a powerfully-built Rellarin male with thick, dark brown skin. His small black eyes and oversized hands make him a fierce-looking individual, though he is not nearly as wicked as he appears. His only desire is to be the best survivalist next to Barosa Warren. Though he has a heated rivalry with Sisquoc, it is not a vendetta of hatred but rather a drive to never accept second place.

An dresses in little other than his bantha trousers and a bandolier strap; his thick hide protects his body from most hazards. His weapon of choice is a Merr-Sonn T5 force pike, but he has become proficient with blasters.

Addendum - Personal: Sisquoc, Lieutenant *LunkarAn and I have only met once and it was not a pleasant experience. He is obviously distressed over his loss of standing at GOSS. Our besting of his team record I assume causes his displeasure. An encounter between our team and his former crew would only result in further bloodshed, of which me have all seen enough. Should you encounter Lunkar An anywhere, avoid him: he may attempt to capture so as to demand a rematch against me.*

Addendum - Personal: Ma'w'shiye, Lieutenant *Don't let 'Quoc's modesty fool you. We didn't just break the Summit Class record; we absolutely destroyed it! Lunkar will seize any opportunity granted to obtain his rematch. But if he gets in our way, it won't be a rematch he should be vying for: it should a one-way travel voucher to the Unknown Regions. If I ever catch him, he'll be in no condition to face the Survival Zones when I'm through with him.*

Myo

The Abyssin Myo has been a mercenary and general thug for some years, and has only recently come into the service of Barosa Warren. Myo spent a good deal of his time frequenting the Outer Rim Territories and in fact was at the Mos Eisley Cantina when General Kenobi and Commander Skywalker first met Han Solo.

Myo left his native Byss at a relatively young age, and more by accident than intent. A particularly vicious combatant and one who fought valiantly in three separate Bloodings, Myo was captured by the small-time Rodian slaver Malak. He escaped while Malak's craft was refueling at Kinun Depot, and luckily came upon Lirin Car'n, a backup kloo horn player for Figrin D'an's band, with whom he gained passage to Tatooine and spent some time in Mos Eisley.

Shortly after the tumultuous events on Mos Eisley that culminated with the *Millennium Falcon's* lift-off, Myo encountered the Brubb GOSS instructor Dorlar, whose friendly manner and generosity with drink and amenities made Dorlar and Myo boon companions. Dorlar eventually convinced Myo to join the GOSS staff, as one of the desert assistants had recently been caught off-guard during a Ryloth windstorm and had perished in the middle of the current term.

Myo, having nothing better to do than sit about waiting for slavers to find him, accepted Dorlar's offer and made the voyage to Thrantin.

Though Myo has been under the employ of GOSS for less than two years, he has proven to be a very valuable advisor. He works almost exclusively in desert zones.

Addendum - Personal: Sivrak, Lak Lieutenant *I had on some occasions encountered Myo in Mos Eisley, most often in the cantina we both frequented. Though he is working for a man who is very much opposed to the Alliance, Myo probably has no quarrel with our cause and simply follows orders. He is actually a rather friendly being, and if we could get him away from Warren long enough, he might even make a good recruit.*

Profiles: Sergeant Clenna & Stren Grier

Clenna is a grizzled human male with a sour disposition and quick temper. Raised on the industrial world Yalln, Clenna spent a good deal of his youth scouting the vast unsettled territories outside the corporate complexes with his trusty *tal*.

Clenna served for a short time in the Imperial Army, but was taught more about military theory than the New Order, so he can not truly be considered a product of the Empire. His aspirations of being a drill instructor unfulfilled, Sergeant Clenna returned to his native Yalln, but eventually grew restless.

Clenna joined the GOSS staff as a reprieve from a life he had grown tired of. He knows he is too old for service in the Empire and despises the Alliance; GOSS provided him with the perfect opportunity to bark orders at impressionable recruits.

From the experiences of his youth, his survival skills were considerable before his becoming part of the GOSS faculty. Instruction under the tutelage of Barosa Warren has furthered his expertise.

Addendum - Personal: Derembus, Commander *I served with Clenna when we were both stationed at the Ruac Outpost many, many years ago. He is an unkind and rough man, and is easily angered. Having been out of "the business" for some time and being of advanced age, he does not present a direct combat danger, but his resources at GOSS make him a matter of concern.*

Stren Grier

Stren Grier is a former Imperial scout who serves as Barosa Warren's personal assistant. During his last days of service to the Empire, Stren was framed by a commanding officer of having falsified several reports regarding the infamous Giryulan Findings, and subsequently forced to flee from Imperial space. He found haven at GOSS.

Stren comes from the Lesser Plooriod Cluster, the only son of a widowed trader. His mother raised him in spaceports throughout the galaxy, but upon his mother's death Stren joined the Imperial Survey Corps, serving loyally but eventually falling victim to the ambitions of a treacherous officer.

Stren is a middle-aged human male with a rough countenance and aloof disposition. He seldom engages in conversation with anyone at the school, staff member or student. Though he lacks any desire to socialize, he is a knowledgeable survivalist. He is entrusted with many of Warren's most important assignments and performs them flawlessly.

Addendum - Personal: Witig, Akuul Lieutenant *Stren joined GOSS the year we graduated, and for a human, proved himself very skilled at aquatic survival. He nearly defeated me in the third Calant Engagement exercise. Nearly.*

Like Sergeant Clenna, he is not a direct threat to the Alliance as is Barosa, but remains a danger for his allegiance.

Profile: Casti Tholon

A native of Sardoran, Casti Tholon is perhaps the most loyal of the GOSS alumni. Because of her natural curiosity and devotion to her work, she was always one of Barosa Warren's favorite students. She is a scout by nature and has devoted her life



to discovery. She has located and charted many planets and previously unknown astrographic locales throughout the Unknown Regions and Wild Space, including Tholon, the first and most important planet she has yet discovered. Named after her by Rim Commercial Mining (RCM), in whose service she was employed at the time, the desolate rock world has proven to be incredibly rich with ores of all kinds and has launched RCM to the forefront of the Rim mining outfits.

Casti is a very close friend of Barosa and is very loyal to him. Anyone who gains Barosa as a friend also gains Casti; one who gains Barosa as an enemy can also add to their list of enemies Casti Tholon. Together Casti and her instructor make an impressive team, and together they have explored and charted practically every kind of climate, from the ice-swept plains of the Clar's Vivab deserts to the perilous asteroid fields of the Corg system. Due to the nature of her present contract with Mero-Nepp Ores, she rarely gets a chance to see her good friend any longer.

Casti grew up on a Duros space city in the Duro star system. As a youth she knew only Duros and their culture. She differed from the Duros, however, in that she was very contentious and overbearing, whereas the Duros are a generally calm and peaceful people. Nonetheless, the Duro culture left its mark on Casti. It is likely that she gained her curiosity about the galaxy from her Duros foster parents, and continues to fulfill her yearnings.

Though a human, Casti feels out of place when among her own kind. She considers herself to be a Duro and is most comfortable when around other Duros. She has a very forceful personality, and easily assumes the role of leader when in a group. She has a light complexion, but her arms and lower legs have numerous black scars acquired during a trek through the Kur forests in which she was severely cut by the forests' infamous poisonous thorn vines. Casti keeps her head clean-shaven and a number of thorn vine scars are also apparent on her scalp.

Addendum - Personal: Sisquoc, Major *Casti presents more of a threat to us not because of her skills, but because of her extreme loyalty to Barosa. Should we ever be successful in eliminating Barosa as a threat, Casti's vengeance would surely be fierce. Any attempts to alleviate the current hostilities between GOSS and the Alliance's Eclipse Team will surely see Casti play an active role.*

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